To Lilia

—

"Smiles from the channel of the future tear"

Lord Byron

—

1

Oh! think not, Lilia, that the smile
Which trips so lightly o'er my face,
One moment can my love beguile,
Or from this heart thine image chase.

2

Oh! I am as a tender flower,
That opens in the sun's bright ray,
And weeps with dew when night clouds lower,
And cheering light is fled away.

3

And thou art light and life to me;
My spirits revel when thou'rt nigh:
But when, sweet Love, I part with thee,—
The big tear starts into my eye

4

Night's darkness thou assails my soul,
And Passion's burning billows beat;
And in my breast Grief's stings roll,
And Love and Memory maddening meet.

5

The glow-worm glistens in the night,
And chalky Cliffs laugh o'er the deep;
Thou to my soul art true the light, —
Christ Jesu! — what can I do but weep?

6

This smile is but a sunny ray,
That dances o'er a dark — deep stream;
But when, my Lilia, that's't away,
It vanishes like morning dream!

Sent given me in Harford wood 4th July 1814

B. Thornbury